Oblivion by your hands

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Oblivion by your hands

by Silvaxus

Summary

05. Bondage / Frotting / Sixty-nine / **Vibrator**

Will thought himself immune to the cruel aspects of his job but the last case turned his mind upside down and he wanted nothing more than to forget.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Will just sat in Hannibal's study and stared into the bristling flames and listened to the cracks of the wood within the flames. That's what everyone else would think but Will was trapped in his mind, seeing nothing but blood and death, the putrid scent of rotting bodies in their air, and the coppery tang of blood seemed to cling to Will's skin.

He had showered when he came home, to Hannibal's home, and had done so three times in the last four hours since he arrived. Will still smelled the blood and saw the bodies.

There was no art and no beauty in it. Only a waste of life and nothing but carnage. A mindless monster compared to Hannibal's radiant pieces he created with the pigs he led to the slaughter.

When warm hands touched Will's face he was pulled out of his mind forcefully and startled, he jerked away from the touch. His sudden movement made Will feel a heavy dizziness and if not for Hannibal reaching out for him, Will would have met the floor quite harshly.

"It's okay, Will, it's okay. I'm here, with you."

Will heard Hannibal's voice, the soft accent that was completely unique to him, but Will's heart was running a marathon in his chest and sweat ran down his back while he clung to Hannibal for dear life.

"Will you allow me to take care of you, Will?"

The words seeped into Will's mind but it took him some time before he managed a jerky nod.

"Make me forget them, Hannibal."

When Hannibal led him upstairs, Will fell back into the darkness that was his mind while his body followed Hannibal on its own accord. He felt Hannibal's concern but he couldn't shake himself free from the pictures in his mind.

The water pouring down on him was warm but Hannibal's hands were warmer and his body became a solid wall between Will and his traitorous mind.

While Hannibal washed Will's body, he murmured things which Will couldn't understand as Hannibal was speaking a mix of English, French and Lithuanian but just the melody of Hannibal's voice was enough to soothe Will's still racing heart.

After Hannibal was done with him and the water was shut off, Will felt calmer but he could already feel the darkness rising at the edges of his mind. He whimpered low and frightened when Hannibal let go of him to get a towel.

Once Hannibal had taken care of drying them both off, Will was more aware of himself and his surroundings than before.

Hannibal led him into their bedroom and Will found himself placed in the middle of their bed with Hannibal hovering over him like a protective shield against everything coming at Will.

“Do you trust me, Will?”

Hannibal presented Will a smile, this small smile that barely moved his lips, but Will saw the rage in Hannibal’s eyes and he knew that the killer responsible for Will’s suffering would soon meet the Chesapeake Ripper in all his glory.

Placing his hand on Hannibal’s face until Will felt the still wet strands of Hannibal’s hair against his fingertips, he found himself able to give the man he loved beyond anything else a smile.

“Always, Hannibal.”

The kiss Hannibal placed on Will’s wrist was small but carried so much more than words could ever tell.

“Then let me take care of you. I will make you forget.”

Pushing himself up on his elbows, Will nuzzled at Hannibal’s throat and placed a kiss to Hannibal’s calm pulse.

“Okay, Hannibal, okay.”

Leaning back down, Will closed his eyes and focused his whole mind only on Hannibal and allowed his lover to hold the darkness at bay for him.

Warm hands wandered over Will’s skin and when Hannibal nudged Will’s legs apart, Will opened himself willingly to Hannibal.

The touch of warm fingers covered in cold lube made him jump for a moment but soon Will settled back onto the bed.

A finger became two and when Hannibal managed to push three fingers into Will, he started to stretch Will and brushed teasingly with his fingers against Will prostate.

Normally, Will would curse at Hannibal’s knowledge of human physiology but today Will enjoyed every zap of pleasure shooting up his spine whenever Hannibal brushed against his pleasure spot.

Keeping his eyes closed while Hannibal worked him open allowed Will to focus only on the feeling of Hannibal between his legs, his own growing arousal despite the darkness still waiting to reach for him, the sharp spikes of pleasure.

When something thicker and harder than Hannibal’s fingers spread him open, Will tensed for a moment before a heavy hand on his chest pressed him down onto the bed.

Will could open his eyes, watch Hannibal, but showing his trust to Hannibal seemed to be so important now that Will kept his eyes closed.

The rough touch of Hannibal's stubble on his own jaw made Will bury his fingers in the covers he was laying on.

"Scream for me, my love."

Before Will could comprehend the words he just heard, Will's body shook with pleasure...and he screamed for his lover.

Hannibal held Will down with ease while Will struggled and bowed off the bed. There was nothing but sharp pleasure that Hannibal was forcing onto Will.

Will had no control over his reaction while flashes of white blinded his closed eyes. Hannibal had picked one of their strongest vibrators and angled the toy in a way that made sure that the toy was hammering down on Will's prostate in a merciless way.

Screams, moans and broken sounds echoed in their bedroom and Will had no idea if he wanted to get away or closer to the pleasure. His hands found Hannibal's strong shoulders and nails left red welts on warm skin.

Will's orgasm was neither a surprise nor did he have to wait for it. Hannibal forced it from Will, demanded his release and submission with a growl and Will whimpered, the sound muffled because Will bit down on Hannibal's strong biceps.

At some point, Will opened his eyes and watched from a deranged point in his mind how his body was still shivering and jerking but Hannibal didn't allow him to rest. He was still holding Will down with all his strength.

Only when nothing but clear fluids dripped from Will's spend cock did Hannibal slow the toy down but he didn't stop it. Will was forced to endure the hard stimulation until he was completely spent, until his body had nothing left to give.

Exhausted, Will fell back on the bed and his eyes felt tired and heavy while his body slowly shut down.

He felt the kiss Hannibal pressed to his lips.

"Sleep darling, I will take care of the nightmares."

Warmth surrounded and covered Will together with the soothing scents of fir, dark honey and sun-warmed forest ground.

Yes, Hannibal would take care of Will's nightmares.

End Notes

Part 2 of this fic will be posted with kink 10 this month!

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